

Young America, Attention! To Commence Next Week, "The Boy Clown." A Story of Strange Adventure!

Saturday Journal

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SONG.

BY A. W. BELLAY.

When the low mound shall be my home,
On green hillside or sunny lea,
Will ever any kind heart come
To wake a gentle sympathy?—
Or linger by my grave at even,
When the sun is about to set?—
To sing a little hymn to me,
Or send a wish to Heaven?—
To me,
To sing a little hymn to me,
Or send a wish to Heaven?—
That I may be forgiven?

In slumber silent and sublime,
I know that I must one day sleep;
I shall not feel the scourge of time,
Nor even weep nor wake to weep,
But when the spring shall come again,
With glad and bloom to cover me,
At times shall down over me fall,
Will any sorrow then
For all that might have been?

When the low mound shall be my home,
I wonder if you'll miss my hand,
Or sight that I shall no more come
To mingle in your happy band?
My spirit left its vital breath,
She'll drink the joys in with you,
Remembering still its faith
Beyond the bounds of death.

Bessie Raynor: THE FACTORY GIRL.

A TALE OF THE LAWRENCE LOOMS.

BY DR. WM. MASON TURNER,
AUTHOR OF "COLLEGE RIVALS," "MASKED MINER,"
"FIFTY THOUSAND REWARD," "THE MISSING
FINGER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

A HAND ON THE SHOULDER.

SCARCELY had the banker rushed forth from the death-chamber of the humble Raynor home that night, as Bessie lay in a swoon, when suddenly the window was again darkened—this time by the tall, stalwart figure of a man.

For a moment he gazed at the terrible scene before him. Then he rushed forward, knelt down, and tenderly lifted the senseless girl in his arms.

"Oh! Bessie! Bessie! Arouse yourself! 'Tis I!" he exclaimed, in a deep voice of anguish. "Oh, darling! why did you not let me stay with you? Heaven be thanked!" he cried, as a shiver passed over the frame of the frail girl.

She opened her eyes and glanced around her. She drew back like a startled dove as she found herself in the arms of the stalwart man, and endeavored to stand erect.

She was unequal to the task, and would have again fallen, had not his strong arm caught her.

"Go to bed, Bessie," he said, in a low, sympathizing tone. "Go to bed; you are exhausted; you can do nothing further now. Leave all to me."

With a sweet look of gratitude, and a gentle pressure of the hand, she turned toward the stairs.

"God bless you, Lorin!"

Then she was gone.

The reader will remember we left old Arthur Ames, some time back, entering the banking-house of Arlington & Ames at a rather unseasonable hour of the night—entering, too, by the private door.

A moment, and the old banker stood within the close room. The air was hot and stifling, as the doors were all closed, and the windows shut;—every thing long since being secured for the night.

Arthur Ames stood still for a moment; then moved cautiously in the darkness, passing his hand along the northern wall. Reaching the gas-burner, the room was quickly brilliantly illuminated. But he lowered the gas-jets at once to a fine point, and drawing to the wired glass partition which separated the office from the main room, drew the screen of green baize along the polished brass rods. He then almost entirely dimmed the rays which might have flashed into the counting-room, thence through the plate-glass windows beyond into the street.

But he suddenly paused and bent his ear. He thought he heard the distant crackling of a door, and felt the quick passing puff of an in-rushing blast.

Trembling in every limb, for several moments he kept quiet. But he heard nothing more. Then he strode forward at once, turned the full stream of gas on again, and advanced unhesitatingly toward the large iron safe. He bent down and, for a moment, looked at the solid, heavy, grim-looking, burglar-defying salamander.

He drew out a key.

He leaned still closer over the lock-hole, and without heeding a slight grating sound which at that instant echoed in the room, he examined the key-hole. Then he placed the key in the orifice, and—

But he suddenly paused, and cowered back.

"What am I doing?" he muttered. "What would the law say and do, seeing me thus occupied? What would Malcolm Arlington say, did he now see me, his respected and trusted partner, at such work as this? But the die is cast! Malcolm Arlington has enough and to spare; he'll not miss this. No! I've gone too far, and—my God! what is this?"

A wild cry broke from his lips as, at that moment, a tall form overshadowed him, and a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PRICE OF ESCAPE.

ARTHUR AMES sprung to his feet. "You are here, Malcolm Arlington!" and his eyes seemed to start from his head.



He reared his form as he spoke, until he towered high above his burly antagonist.

was the same stern, composed, iron-gray man.

But he spoke.

"Cheer up, Mr. Ames. Do not be cast down at your discomfiture. Perhaps, after all, by this little affair, you may be the gainer. Who knows?"

Arthur Ames glanced toward him, as if eager to hear more.

"You are interested? 'Tis well. You would like to hear more? Good. I am a man of business. You know it?"

He drew his heavy gold watch from his pocket, and glanced at the dial.

"Tis late," he said. "I will be brief, and to the point. I have long suspected, my friend, that you were not altogether right—that you were loose in certain matters, that—Well, in a word, I thought, to a certain extent at least, that you were a villain. Do not start! I am telling the truth, as you know, and I will not be interrupted. You see, my dear partner, you have kept bad company—notoriously bad company. This first opened my eyes to watch you, to look into and scan your shortcomings. Why, on more than one occasion I have seen you at a late hour of the night, in company with that black-visaged rascal, Phil Walshe! More than that; I have seen you on the eastern bridge with Nancy Hurd, the woman who lives with that man. 'Tis true, they are operatives in the Pemberton Mill, and earn their daily bread honestly. But, Arthur Ames, does not Phil Walshe earn money *dishonestly*?" and he glared meaningly at the old man, as if he would force from him a confession.

Ames did not answer. His arms were crossed upon his breast, and his eyes were bent upon the floor. Yet he was listening.

After a moment, Arlington resumed:

"You see, I am well informed. I was suspicious, and for the last four years I have been thinking—have been making inquiries, though you knew it not. To-night I heard from your tips that there was something between you and this Black Phil. I overheard enough to lodge information with the authorities of this city. That is one hold. To-night, by chance, I saw you hurrying along wildly. It was unusual. I followed you—followed you hither, and saw you on your knees about to rob the safe. That is another hold which I have upon you. Then, like a coward, you sought my life. I have never harmed you; far from it. I have given you place and prominence in the world; for, without an association with me, I do not think you would have been known in Lawrence. Yet you made a base attempt to murder me. That is the strongest hold of all."

"I'll not recapitulate; you know you are in my power; that your money, your reputation, your life, are in my hands. 'Tis enough. But listen, and learn how you may retain all."

He paused as if waiting for old Ames to speak. But the latter still held his peace; he seemed overwhelmed.

Mr. Arlington resumed:

"Pledge yourself, by an oath to me, that Minerva Ames shall be my wife, and all will be well. Refuse, and—"

"Pledge my daughter to be your wife!" does not love you; she is too young, and—"

"Bah! and is not Bessie Raynor, the old captain's daughter, too young for you? I'll be sworn, too, she loves you not. You see, I also know about that matter. But, Arthur Ames, you have my terms. Answer quickly."

"I tell you the girl does not love you; and if truth be told, though I am sorry to admit it, she loves, I sincerely believe, the fellow who once saved her life, you know—the mill-man, Lorin Gray, old Moll's adoptive son."

"I tell you the girl does not love you; and if truth be told, though I am sorry to admit it, she loves, I sincerely believe, the fellow who once saved her life, you know—the mill-man, Lorin Gray, old Moll's adoptive son."

"I care not—I care not!"

"Then you and your daughter's ruin be upon you! I'll lock you, now, in this room, and summon a policeman."

He started toward the door. But old Ames called him back.

"Hold, hold, Arlington! I'll do *anything*! Do not expose me—do not ruin me!"

"You accede?"

Old Ames bowed his head in acquiescence.

"Do you accede?—I want an answer," sternly demanded Arlington.

"I do, I do!" quickly responded the old man.

"'Tis very well; you shall lose nothing by it. But we must have papers; I will draw them. Then an oath to bind you, for these documents will admit of no witnesses."

He spoke with icy coolness, as he turned to the desk, and taking out some sheets of paper, wrote rapidly for several moments.

He was a ready thinker, and his fingers obeyed his will. In a few seconds he laid two written pages before him. Then he glanced hastily over them, as though to see if they corresponded in text. They satisfied him.

"Read them, and sign. They are duplicates," and he tossed the sheets toward old Ames.

Arthur Ames tremblingly took them. He read them carefully. When he had finished, he turned away, as if he shrank from signing. But he saw the bright gray eyes of Arlington fastened upon him.

He paused, seized the pen, and rapidly signed his name.

Malcolm Arlington did the same, and then composedly folded the sheets. One he placed in the inside pocket of his vest; the other he handed to Arthur Ames.

"Yours, Mr. Ames," he said. "Keep it. Now the oath."

As he spoke, he drew a Testament toward him from a pile of books, and compelling the other to lay his hand upon it, he administered to him a fearful oath.

Then old Ames snatched his hat, and with trembling haste, strode down the passage to the front door.

Lorin Gray, who had kept a lonely vigil in the death-chamber, was astir with the early dawn. He awoke Bessie and her crippled brother, and then—for he was compelled to do so—hurried away toward the mill.

By sunrise, or a little after, it was known all over Lawrence that old Silas Raynor, who, a few days before, had been stricken down by paralysis, had been killed by lightning the previous night.

At nine o'clock a rap sounded on the door of the sorrow-stricken tenement, and in a moment without waiting, Black Phil was in the little front room, in which sat Bessie and her brother.

"Aren't you coming to the mill to-day, Bessie Raynor?" he asked.

She shuddered, and shrank away.

"Can't you speak, Bessie?" and the fellow approached.

"Oh, Phil! Do you not know the sad news, that father is—is—dead; that I can not come?"

"Then you lose your place, that's all!"

But, Bessie, and his voice sunk lower as he approached her nearer still, "say but a single word—that you love me, and will be my wife. Then I will see that you are exonerated, and that—"

"Oh, Phil! Leave me!"

The poor cripple suddenly sprung from his seat, and snatching a piece of board at hand, rushed upon the fellow, and struck him a smart blow.

In an instant, with a vicious stroke, Black Phil smote him down. Then he strode to the door, but paused, and looking back, said incisively:

"Look to yourself, Bessie! Look to yourself, Ross Raynor! One of you must be in the mill, or—"

He closed the door without finishing his sentence.

A half hour afterward, poor Ross, the cripple, left the house, and wound his way to the mill.

Late that afternoon, a half-hour before "letting-out" time, Black Phil was walking on the fourth floor of the Pemberton Mill. Ross Raynor was near him. A few hot words passed between them, when suddenly, Black Phil pushed the crippled boy rudely against and upon the broad leather belt which was surging up through the floor.

A wild cry rang out—a cry of horror.

The boy was caught on the belt and borne upward toward the narrow rift in the floor above.

Lorin Gray was at that moment near at hand, his coat off, his sleeves rolled up, with a shout he dashed furiously at the belt, and flung his weight upon it.

The struggle was fearful, and all the hands looked on with terror, waiting for the result.

The strong man won. He flung the belt from the wheel above, and the boy, senseless and bleeding, dropped, a crumpled, shapeless mass, to the floor.

"Scoundrel! You did it! I saw you!" thundered young Gray, glaring fiercely at Black Phil.

An angry scowl leaped to that man's face; but at that moment he caught sight of a peculiar mark on the bare arm of the other.

Phil started and shuddered as a wild look of fear came to his eyes.

"My God, the scar!" he muttered, and turned hastily away.

CHAPTER IX.

THE NIGHT WATCH.

A crowd of operatives, by this time, strove to get near the poor boy.

"Take him down-stairs; he must have air," said Lorin Gray, after a moment's examination of the quiet, crushed form before him. "The heat here is stifling!"

In a few moments a stout cloth was brought. Then two of the strongest men gently lifted the bleeding lad into the sheet, and raising him, bore him down the different flights of long stairs, until the outer air was reached. The sun was just sinking, and its beams fell upon the pallid face of the sufferer.

"He is dead!" said a bystander.

In truth the boy looked like it.

"No," said young Gray. "He breathes; I can see his nostrils quiver."

As he spoke he leaned over him, and again examined him.

The murmurings in the crowd against Black Phil, as the willful or unintentional occasion of the sad accident, were growing louder and more threatening.

"He did it! the villain!" said a strong-armed man, who stood by, with a tear in his eye, and a scowl on his face. "And he should be made to suffer for it!"

"Ay! blood for blood, if any harm comes of this!" echoed another; "and the poor fellow and his sister just lost their father!"

"It seems that God forgoes us poor creatures at times" chimed in a thin-faced woman in widow's weeds, seedy and threadbare.

"The scoundrel, Black Phil, should be flung into the Merrimac," exclaimed a stalwart young fellow, indignation and pity strangely commingled in his face. "And, for one, I—but—ha! here the fellow comes!"

At that moment there was a commotion in the outer edge of the circle of human beings who crowded around, and in a moment, amid the half-whispered anathemas, hisses and jeers, which saluted him, Black Phil rudely parted the throng and strode in to the side of the boy.

A frown of defiance wrinkled his brow, and a dangerous fire gleamed from his eyes as he paused and glanced around him.

He was a man that was feared. Hence, when he drew near, the dark words and ominous threats were sunk so low, that they sounded angrily no more.

"I tell you, fellows, that I did not do the thing intentionally," and Black Phil's words were deep and distinct. "More than that, the man who says I did it, is a liar, and I'll make him eat his words, here before you all!"

An ominous silence followed this; and then, all eyes were fastened on Lorin Gray, who knelt on the opposite side of the boy, to see what effect the words of the black-browed mill-man would have upon him. But the young man seemed to have forgotten every thing, save the wounded cripple.

"Poor Ross! poor Bessie!" he murmured. "God help them now!"

"To show you that I am fair," continued Phil, "I am willing to pay the doctor's bill. I don't deny I accidentally stumbled against the—"

"Accidentally!" exclaimed the stout young mill-man, who had before spoken; and he strode forward as if he would brave the bully, and as if he was ashamed of the silence he had kept. "I don't believe it! Lorin Gray said you did it on purpose, and Lorin Gray does not lie for such as you, or for any one else!" and fronting the brawny fellow, he gazed him straight and unflinchingly in the face.

Black Phil's large lips grew livid with anger, and an iron-like rigidity took possession of his repulsive features. He clenched his muscular hands, and said:

"You are a brave man, Adam Lowe, to speak such words to me. And I tell you again, that you and Lorin Gray, both lie, if you say that of me! Out of my way, or I'll crush you under my boot!" and he turned as if to force his way out in face of all opposition.

At that instant, Lorin Gray slowly straightened himself up. A deep frown of anger was upon his face.

"Do not notice the fellow, Adam," he said, in a low voice to his friend, as he strode between him and the other. "Now, Black Phil, repeat your words to me, and I'll teach you a lesson you'll not forget soon."

He reared his form as he spoke, until he towered high above his burly antagonist; and at the same time he threw himself in an attitude which denoted danger.

Black Phil bent his eyes upon him; then he suddenly raised his clenched hand, and started toward his opponent. But, at that instant, his eyes fell again upon the brawny bared arm of Lorin Gray, again upon the scarlet mark glowing on the smooth, white surface, so distinctly in the setting sunlight.

His hand dropped by his side; a sudden pallor sprung again to his face, and, with a muttered curse, he stepped back, and said:

"I seek no quarrel with you, Lorin Gray. The world is wide; so you way, 'I'll go mine.' I say again, I did not intend to harm the boy. But," and his voice sunk to a hissing whisper, "look to yourself, myne fellow, and see to it that your path is yours—not mine!"

Turning, he made his way roughly through the crowd. In a few minutes he had disappeared.

The operatives looked after Black Phil's retreating form, but said nothing. They wondered at the scene which had just transpired, yet they did not seek to gainsay it.

In the mean time, the crippled boy showed signs of reviving. Lorin Gray saw him. He quickly turned, and ordering a cup of water to be brought, placed it to the boy's lips.

"Now, up with him again, men," he said. "He is cooing-to; the air has done him good. Two of you bring him along; we'll take him home. And such a home!"

His last words were scarcely audible. The mill had "let out," but the thronging crowd of men and women, boys and girls, slowly dispersed. The rude litter, with its burden of suffering humanity, was borne away by Adam Lowe and another mill-man, accompanied alone by Lorin Gray, who walked sad and silent alongside.

In fifteen minutes, the solemn cortège entered the little street on the canal, and soon the humble home of Bessie Raynor was reached.

The twilight was settling hazily down, and from the door-knob and the closed shutters of the unpretending house, the black symbol of death was floating dimly in the passing wind.

Talbot drew the girl, tenderly, to his breast.

"Why, Jimmie, are you crying? I never saw you cry before, in all my life," he said, softly.

With a great effort, she forced back her sobs, and raised her tear-wet eyes to his.

"I don't ever remember crying before, since I was a little girl," she said, in a voice broken by emotion. "I 'spose all the cry that ought to have come before, has come now, just like the spring floods in the Reese. Oh, Dick! I feel so bad!" and again the little head, crowned with the rare-tinted red-gold locks, went down upon his breast, and the convulsive sob checked the voice of the girl, as she clung closely to Dick, and pillow'd her head on the heart of the only friend she had in all the world.

Dick wound his arms still tighter around the girl and drew the little trembling form still nearer to him.

"You poor child!" he murmured, kissing the golden hair, the glory of the shapely little head. "I never saw you so agitated before, Jimmie; you've always been such a—such a little man; so plucky and full of spirit." Dick was hesitating for words to express his meaning.

"That's just the way I don't want you to think of me!" exclaimed Jimmie, her voice broken by sobs.

"Not think of you that way?" said Dick, in astonishment.

"No; I ain't a little man, am I?" questioned Jimmie, still sobbing.

"Why, no; of course not," replied Talbot, rather perplexed by the strange behavior of the girl.

With a determined effort, Jimmie once more choked back her sobs; again she raised her eyes and looked into the face of the man to whose breast she clung.

"What am I?" she asked, abruptly.

"Eh?" questioned Talbot, in amazement.

"Don't I speak plain, Dick?" she cried, impatiently, the tears again gathering in her large eyes; "what am I, a bear—a hog—"

"No, no," interrupted Dick, "you are a very pretty little girl."

"Nothing else?" demanded Jimmie, pouting.

"Why, yes, a very good little girl—"

"Nothing but a girl?" interrupted Jimmie, pouting still more.

"What else would you be?" asked Talbot, in wonder.

"What you can't see that I am; a woman!" exclaimed Jimmie, in an aggrieved tone.

"A woman!"

"Yes, I'm sixteen; and I'm a great deal older than that in knowledge—at least so everybody says."

"And you want me to look upon you as a woman rather than as a child?" Talbot asked, a strange expression upon his face.

"Yes," replied Jimmie, promptly.

"Then I mustn't let you do this any more."

"Do what?" Jimmie asked, in wonder.

"Why, let you cling to my breast as you are clinging now; I mustn't kiss you any more, or smooth your hair back from your forehead. Such acts of familiarity, which may be permitted with the child, are improper with the woman."

"And you can't pet me any more?" asked Jimmie, a wistful look in her large eyes.

"No, not if you are a woman."

"Well, I'll still be a child with you, if I'm a woman with every one else," she said, abruptly, after thinking for a moment.

"That's a sensible little girl!" exclaimed Talbot, gravely, kissing the little brown forehead as he spoke.

"And now, Dick," said Jimmie, suddenly, "can't I do anything to help you out of this awful hole?"

"I don't know, Jimmie," Talbot replied, thoughtfully. "This fellow will swear terribly hard against me. I can see that all ready. I think I can prove the difference that exists between Dick Talbot and Overland Kit, but, Judge Jones is going to convict me if he can. If he can get public sentiment aroused against me here, and rush the trial through on the evidence of this fellow, without giving me a chance for my life, I'm a gone man."

"But, Dick, isn't there any friend who could help you?" the girl asked, anxiously.

"Yes, one!" cried Dick, a bright thought coming to him. "Let me whisper in your ear."

A lengthy communication it was that Dick whispered. Then Dick pressed another kiss upon the low forehead of the girl, and she hastened away, her heart beating high with hope.

"I don't know, Jimmie," Talbot replied, thoughtfully. "This fellow will swear terribly hard against me. I can see that all ready. I think I can prove the difference that exists between Dick Talbot and Overland Kit, but, Judge Jones is going to convict me if he can. If he can get public sentiment aroused against me here, and rush the trial through on the evidence of this fellow, without giving me a chance for my life, I'm a gone man."

"But, Dick, isn't there any friend who could help you?" the girl asked, anxiously.

"Yes, one!" cried Dick, a bright thought coming to him. "Let me whisper in your ear."

The consequence of these few remarks was, that two minutes after the old gentleman descended to terra firma, a deputation of excited citizens, headed by the redoubtable Red-Dogite, waited upon Judge Jones, and demanded to know whether he was going to give Injin Dick a show for his life or not!

The Judge attempted to temporize, but that sort of thing wouldn't go down with the crowd that Dandy Jim headed.

"Too thin!" remarked the citizen of Red, sententiously. The crowd that followed Jim's terse expression, from the crowd, had a similar meaning.

Jones reflected. He knew that he was backed by all the more respectable of the citizens; but he also knew that he was powerless to carry the majority of the Spur Cityites with him, unless some overt act was committed to serve as an excuse for a call upon the Vigilantes. If Dick had shot a man down in cold blood, the deed, coupled with his well-known mode of living—by playing cards—might have been sufficient to have raised a mob, and strung him up to the first tree that came handy. But, in the present case, until Dick was proved to be the road-agent, Overland Kit, beyond the shadow of a doubt, it would not do to act rashly.

That he could prove that Talbot was the road-agent, Jones had no doubt.

A smile of triumph appeared in the eyes of the Judge.

"Let me put the question again, Miss, so that the jury will understand it fully," and the Judge looked at the gentlemen of the jury meaningfully, as much as to say, "take notice, now."

"Do you detect any resemblance between the person of the prisoner at the bar and the outlaw?"

"None at all," Bernice replied, firmly.

"Do you detect any resemblance between the prisoner at the bar and your cousin, Patrick Gwyne?" the Judge asked.

"I object to that question!" cried the old lawyer, on his feet in a moment—one of the men had kindly provided him with a keg to sit on.

"Why do you object?" asked Jones, knitting his brows.

"The question is irrelevant."

"It is not!" cried the Judge.

"What is its purpose?"

"To establish the fact that the prisoner at the bar is Patrick Gwyne."

"Exactly; but, if the court knows itself, the prisoner is not accused of being Patrick Gwyne, but of being Overland Kit."

"Certainly; we allow that; we may not be proceeding according to the exact forms of law, but, we are after justice. If I can prove that the prisoner is Patrick Gwyne, and that Overland Kit is Patrick Gwyne also, it is clear to my mind that we establish the prisoner's identity as Overland Kit."

"Let me answer the question, please," said Bernice, suddenly.

The old lawyer took the hint at once, and sat down.

"A smile of triumph appeared in the eyes of the Judge."

"Let me put the question again, Miss, so that the jury will understand it fully," and the Judge looked at the gentlemen of the jury meaningfully, as much as to say, "take notice, now."

"Do you detect any resemblance between the prisoner and your cousin, Patrick Gwyne, who came to you disguised as Overland Kit?" said the Judge, slowly,

measuring out, as it were, every word.

"Well, bless my soul!" muttered the old

chances of Injin Dick's acquittal or conviction.

The state of the betting, perhaps, indicated how the popular pulse of Spur City beat in regard to the matter, better than any thing else: Four to one that Dick was acquitted went begging; few cared to risk their money that he would be convicted, even at that odds.

One loud-talking gentleman shook his canvas bag of gold-dust freely in the air and offered to bet four to one that Talbot would be acquitted, and followed it with a side bet, that he could fix out Judge Jones and the witness, Joe Rain, inside of a quarter of an hour single-handed, or any two men on the jury.

It is perhaps hardly necessary to remark that this reckles better was the man-from-Red-Dogite.

None cared to accept his offer, though.

As a general rule, the miners scouted the idea that Injin Dick could, by any possibility, be the road-agent, Overland Kit.

Judge Jones, urged onward by the fierce passion that was burning in his heart, had been up by daybreak, and since that time, he had not let the grass grow under his feet.

He had dispatched two different parties in various directions. On what mission they went, no one knew except Judge Jones and the leaders of the expeditions. With one of the party went, under guard, the valuable witness, Joe Rain.

After various consultations with the leading citizens, Judge Jones selected twelve men for the jury, and presented them for the assembled people to pass judgment upon.

As the twelve comprised twelve of the principal men in the mining camp, they were elected unanimously. So the jury was formed.

lawyer in an undertone, "if that isn't a nice way to put a question—and he wants nothing but justice!" *Whew!*

Bernice fixed her eyes fully upon Talbot. The crowd held their breath to listen.

"I have not seen my cousin, Patrick Gwyne, for ten years, but, in the face of that gentleman, I do not trace a single resemblance to him."

The old lawyer chuckled; the Judge had got rather more than he bargained for.

Jones bit his lip nervously, hesitated for a moment, then he spoke again:

"Of course, ten years naturally would make a great change in a man."

"That's for the jury," muttered Remnet, "and he wants justice!"

"I am through with the witness." Then the Judge sat down.

Remnet got up.

"Relate who, and where you first saw this Overland Kit," he said.

Bernice told the story of the road-agent stopping the coach.

"When and where did you first see the prisoner at the bar?"

"At the Eldorado Hotel, when I arrived here. He was in the saloon when *I* entered."

"You came straight from the place where the coach was attacked to the hotel?"

"Yes."

"Coach go fast or slow?"

"Very fast."

"How far from here do you suppose the place was where the coach was stopped by the road-agent?"

"Some ten miles, I should think."

"Geyser Canyon, eight miles," said Ginger Bill, from the crowd.

"Thank you; the information about the distance and the name of the canyon is not, of course, given under oath, gentlemen of the jury; but it is hardly necessary to speak of that; it is a mere question of distance and of locality. Probably, nearly all of you are aware of the truth, or falsehood, of the remark. All that I want to call your attention to, is the fact that, on the night in question, the coach was stopped some eight or ten miles from this place, by this Overland Kit, the man's person sworn to by this lady; yet, when she entered the Eldorado saloon an hour or so later, having come directly from the scene of the robbery, she would have been perfectly delighted and contented.

As it was, she compelled herself to be quietly satisfied; to her husband she was always respectful and kind, yet she never could forget the price he had demanded of her for another.

To her numerous callers she was the elegant, courteous Mrs. Alvanley, whom they went away admiring and not unfrequently envying!

Before her guests, dear Miss Amy Clavering and Lillian Rothermel from Fernleigh, she attempted no disguises; she was simply herself, a heart-sick, heart-sore woman, trying to be brave.

And she was brave, with a heroic courage many a man might well be jealous of; silently brave, going on in her self-elected path.

Her husband loved her, after his selfish fashion. She was very pretty, and he was glad people admired her. She was undoubtedly refined and stylish, and though frigid to an unfeared of degree, still Lester Alvanley was very proud to introduce her—*"My wife, Mrs. Alvanley."*

She found no fault at all. And then, one of the bright Christmas holidays a sudden end came.

Mr. Alvanley had gone with a friend on a business tour to Europe, and had been suddenly seized with a terrible disease—the small-pox—then raging in London. Both he and his friend died, and were buried, and word sent home to their widows.

It was a fearful shock; not for love's sake, but because of the suddenness of it.

Mrs. Alvanley and Lillian had been sitting alone in the drawing-room when the telegram from London to Mr. Alvanley's partner came.

"What time did the affair in the hotel take place?"

"About eight o'clock; maybe half-past."

"After the fight, did you go directly to the Gully to arrest the prisoner?"

Yes.

"What time did you get there?"

"All along from nine to half-past; it takes about an hour to walk to it."

"You see, gentlemen of the jury, that Overland Kit was in Spur City engaged in an armed contest with the citizens, at eight or half-past eight. That fact is clearly proven by the testimony of this witness; an hour or so later, he arrested the prisoner at the bar in Gopher Gully, *four miles off*. This is important, because we have a witness ready to prove that the prisoner entered the Cosmopolitan Hotel, in Gopher Gully, at eight o'clock precisely, the very time when—if he is Overland Kit—he was fighting the citizens in Spur City."

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 68.)

Love-Blind:

OR,
WAS SHE GUILTY?

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL,
AUTHOR OF "OATH-BOUND," "SHADOWED HEART,"
ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE FATAL MESSAGE.

This wedding had been, as Lillian intended, very quiet and quite aristocratic; Winnie had been very lady-like and gentle, and Mr. Alvanley jubilant and proud.

Harry Gordeloup had staid at Fernleigh, with a sort of stubborn delight, and Lillian was obliged to comport herself in a manner worthy her position.

They had exchanged no words, save those of departed courtesy, and when the bridal party departed, Harry went with them so far as New York, where they bade adieu.

Those days at Fernleigh had been almost unendurable to Lillian Rothermel, since Harry Gordeloup had so signally triumphed over her; and not only defeated her—that she might have borne—but she had been trampled on, into the very dust.

Her pride was outraged; her love utterly killed; her wrath fired; and Harry little recked of the fiendish revenge she might have planned for him.

He went back to the dull routine of office life, with Winnie Alvanley's haunting face always floating before him; with a consciousness of utter loneliness, because there was not, in all this world, one woman whose eyes would brighten at his approach, at whose lips he might claim a lover's kiss.

He had always been used to that sort of thing; he had been too impressionable not to have found many friends among the many pretty girls who greeted him with their smiles.

But, now, there were none worth wasting a thought over; he had flitted from flower to flower, in a guileless way—or, in plainer words, Harry had been an egregious flirt—and now, the only flower he wanted he could not have.

So he went to work, as I said, very lonely, and resolved to wed himself to his business.

He was all the better for this trial that came upon him; generally such tribulations refine us and purify us, and never come when they're not needed, unwelcome as they seem: unwelcome as they are.

And while he was working away, honestly striving to wean himself from all remembrances of Winnie Alvanley, she and her husband were abroad, on their wedding-tour—over the very ground she had once arranged to travel with Harry when they should be married; and the only comfort of her life, as she endured on and on, was that she was suffering of her own will *for him!*

All through sunny September the bridal pair journeyed and tarried; Lillian Rothermel thought and schemed and racked her brain for a way to punish Harry Gordeloup; and Harry, grown saddened and strengthened through suffering, was, perhaps, the happiest of them all.

That is, in a certain sense, as regarded Winnie and himself; but, when he thought of Lillian Rothermel, and from her to Edward Clavering, he would sometimes dash his pencil on the floor, and pace restlessly to and fro, his breath seeming to come in spasmodic jerks.

"At the Eldorado Hotel, when I arrived here. He was in the saloon when *I* entered."

"You came straight from the place where the coach was attacked to the hotel?"

"Yes."

"Coach go fast or slow?"

"Very fast."

"How far from here do you suppose the place was where the coach was stopped by the road-agent?"

"Some ten miles, I should think."

"Geyser Canyon, eight miles," said Ginger Bill, from the crowd.

"Thank you; the information about the distance and the name of the canyon is not, of course, given under oath, gentlemen of the jury; but it is hardly necessary to speak of that; it is a mere question of distance and of locality. Probably, nearly all of you are aware of the truth, or falsehood, of the remark. All that I want to call your attention to, is the fact that, on the night in question, the coach was stopped some eight or ten miles from this place, by this Overland Kit, the man's person sworn to by this lady; yet, when she entered the Eldorado saloon an hour or so later, having come directly from the scene of the robbery, she would have been perfectly delighted and contented.

As it was, she compelled herself to be quietly satisfied; to her husband she was always respectful and kind, yet she never could forget the price he had demanded of her for another.

To her numerous callers she was the elegant, courteous Mrs. Alvanley, whom they went away admiring and not unfrequently envying!

Before her guests, dear Miss Amy Clavering and Lillian Rothermel from Fernleigh, she attempted no disguises; she was simply herself, a heart-sick, heart-sore woman, trying to be brave.

And she was brave, with a heroic courage many a man might well be jealous of; silently brave, going on in her self-elected path.

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fort, until Winnie had fully come to believe her best friend was Lillian Rothermel, after all, though she never was quite reconciled to her first wrong-doing in taking Harry from her.

Sometimes she felt her heart steeling against Lillian Rothermel; then she reproached herself, for the kindnesses Lillian was so constantly evincing toward her disarmed her, just as Lillian intended it should.

Lillian often went out alone; and both the ladies at home remarked, more than once, at the exuberant flow of spirits and the warm, rich color that the mountain air gave her.

Lillian would laugh, and thank them for their graceful compliments.

"Quietly, evenly the year of absence went on; and when Winnie sat down in her own parlour more, with her morning robes laid aside, she concluded it had not been altogether unpleasant. She was at Fernleigh often, as the genial spring days came on apace; where, as of yore, Lillian reigned power supreme.

"You are looking better than ever before since I knew you," Winnie had one day remarked to Miss Rothermel, who was sitting thoughtfully in the library, with an open letter—a foreign one—before her.

"Yes; I feel better than before our tour. Crossing the ocean is generally beneficial, I believe."

She spoke in a dreamy sort of way, as if her thoughts had returned over the water.

A quaint little smile came to Winnie's lips, and she pointed significantly to the letter. A flush of deep crimson mounted Lillian's face; and she instinctively covered her with her fingers.

"There is no need; I had fathomed your little secret long before these letters came so regularly from Switzerland. Ah! Lillian! It was not the mountain air that made you so jubilant so much as the lover's caresses!"

A sudden smile broke over Lillian's face; she looked a moment, with her keenest glance, at Winnie, and then a low, delicious laugh came rippling from her lips.

"You silly puss! How came you to discover my only secret, and I thought it was well guarded?"

"Do you think, then, no one saw the joyous light of your eyes of late? or noted the quiet, meditative mood from which you always awakened with such satisfied, perfect content smiles on your lips? Ah! Lillian! Love writes its signals on your face."

A proud, almost overpowering exultant light was in Lillian's eyes as she listened.

"Then, you are sure it is love? Nothing else would render me so completely happy, so far as looks go?" she said, inquiringly.

"I am sure; and yet, dear Lillian, I do not seek to pry into your confidence. But, if you will let me, I will offer my best prayers for your success and happiness, in connection with this."

"Do you think, then, no one saw the joyous light of your eyes of late? or noted the quiet, meditative mood from which you always awakened with such satisfied, perfect content smiles on your lips? Ah! Lillian! Love writes its signals on your face."

A curious expression came over Lillian's face, almost a look of passionate eagerness.

"I hope your wishes may be realized. They shall be, if my life is spared—and his."

She glanced down at the letter, indicating whom she referred to.

It was rather an odd answer to make to Winnie's congratulations, but she only wondered at it for a moment, as she bent and kissed Lillian Rothermel's polished, marble-white brow, then went silently out.

Lillian snatched the letter from her lap, and thrust it in her bosom.

"Heavens! if she knew what that contained! And her hopes for my success! pitiful little thing that she is! I'd scorn to measure lances with her were it not for him!"

This time she did not mean the writer of the letter; but her glittering eyes wandered afar off over the tree-tops in the direction of the faintly gleaming spires that marked the city where Harry Gordeloup was working so hard, so bravely.

There was a green gleam in her eyes that boded no good; for Lillian Rothermel had remembered her vow of vengeance, and she was a woman not to forget.

She folded it away with a weary sigh, and looked up to see Lillian Rothermel standing beside her, grave, yet smiling kindly down into her tear-dimmed face.

She felt the hot flushes rise to her cheeks under Lillian's gentle scrutiny, and she nervously attempted to resume her sewing.

But Lillian drew it from her fingers.

"No, I came up purposely to have a little confidential talk with you; and that letter I found you reading I verily believe will lead me to the subject I wish to announce."

Lillian had taken one of Winnie's hands in her own, and was softly smoothing the white, fingerless gloves.

A half-frightened, appealing look sprung up in Winnie Alvanley's eyes.

"You are kind—very kind, Lillian—no such interest such an interest in my affairs; but don't ask me about it, please?"

She was so afraid lest she should whisper the faintest suspicion of her terrible secret—at least a secret from Lillian, she knew.

Lillian raised her eyebrows inquiringly.

"About *it*? What? I was only going to ask you this simple question that I know you'll forgive from me, because I have often repented of my sin regarding it."

A cold shiver curled through Winnie's veins; whenever Harry Gordeloup was mentioned, even so indirectly, she felt just so.

"You are free now, dear Winnie, and naturally you will marry again. I know you love Harry Gordeloup—why not marry him?"

A little moaning cry came from Winnie's lips, and the tears came now, fast and free, urged

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A Romance of the Ring and Tent!

In the coming issue we give the opening chapters of

The Boy Clown; or, old bound

THE QUEEN OF THE ARENA.

BY FRANK STANISLAUS FINN.

In which the strange, nomadic life of the Circus man is vividly depicted. In a series of episodes in the ring and in the narrative of the touching love between the Boy Clown and the Young Queen we have a story of remarkable novelty and of absorbing interest.

So out of the beaten path is the BOY CLOWN that its comparative brevity as a serial (it will run through only about five numbers), will be a source of regret, perhaps, but for that reason will be anticipated with all the more expectation.

We have scenes in the tent; the cavalcade on its endless round, travelling at night; the singular train of events which throw the beautiful girl of fourteen into the circus company to become the Queen of the Arena; the diabolical scheme of the trapeze-tender and its almost fatal result; the loves of a young Clown and the Queen; their escape to avoid a subtilty-conceived plan of persecution, etc., etc.—all told in a manner to arrest attention and to excite the sympathy of all classes of readers, young and old alike.

In our search for novelties, we have succeeded in securing several good things for early issue—of which this romance is the forerunner.

Our Arm-Chair.

On Dit.—Our contributors and collaborators are flitting everywhere in quest of rest and relief from business calls. Dr. Wm. Mason Turner, who usually summers at Atlantic City, is off for the White Sulphur Springs, Greenbrier, Va. Dr. Turner is a Virginian born, and therefore is "at home" there. He promises us, in due course, a romance of Virginia life—Captain J. F. C. Adams and his good friend, Ralph Ringwood, contemplate an early trip to some of their old haunts among "the Rockies." They probably will take a run down the great Colorado Canon—hoping to intercept the exploring party now en route. Capt. Adams is equal to a full exploration of that seemingly unexplorable and mysterious "King of the Canons"—Agile Penne is rusticating and wilding the agile rod at Cooperstown, New York—beautiful Cooperstown, embosomed in great hills and coqueting with Otsego Lake, which toys with her feet. May his pen win new inspiration there!—Our Literary Manager, Mr. David Adams, is off for a summer cruise to the Lakes, down the St. Lawrence, over the White Mountains, returning to his work early in August. We may add—he has a sharp eye for stars!—Our artist, George G. White, also "goes off"—as he has a right to, for he is a very assiduous worker, and has earned a good, long rest among the hills and woods, which he loves so well—Mrs. Mary Crowell is at Newport and Nahant, looking after that society which she knows so well how to paint. She handles the love phases of "modern society" marvelously well, as our readers will attest—Our Mr. Beadle has gone to his elegant summer house on the Susquehanna, near Cooperstown, his native place, among whose grand hills and fair valleys he is in more senses than one—"at home."

Thank You!—The excellent *New York Era* thus characterizes our efforts to lead the fleet of weekly papers, now in a close race for precedence in popular favor:

"The SATURDAY STAR JOURNAL is the handsomest weekly literary paper that comes to our office. In design and general appearance it is tasteful, its engravings spirited and well executed, and its humorous articles, stories and poetry, peculiarly American, and of a high order. It is a live paper, and, as a consequence, has become an indispensable 'institution' to romance readers and others."

It makes our labors lighter to receive such notice from those so well qualified to judge as to what constitutes a good paper.

Stick.—Our excellent proof-reader after the lexicographers in the following:

"It is remarkable that neither Webster nor Worcester give the true derivation of the simple instrument used by printers to set type in, called a 'stick.' It comes from the Greek word *stichos*, which means a *line*, and from which 'distich,' two lines, and 'hemistich,' half a line, are derived. 'Stick,' therefore, means a *line*, and the printer's 'stick' (it should be spelled 'stich') is so called because it measures the length of every line set in it."

We are happy to make this "note of it," and are sure printers will thank Mr. L. for his correction of the dictionaries.

Who Knows?—A correspondent, signing himself, "An Anxious Inquirer," writes to know the meaning of the following, which he says, is from Mr. Stephen Pearl Andrews' exposition of his *science of Universal Language*:

"This new stage of science is technically the Descending Wing of the Dualistic Stage of the Scientific Mental Evolution lapping over the Triunial or Integral Method, and governing it, as Induction arose at the other extreme, out of the Unisimal Stage."

This reminds us of the story of the Winnebago chief. Visiting Washington City, to see his Great Father, a long speech was

made to him by Andy Johnson. To this the chief listened patiently, and responded:

"Speech big! Outagichelle go home happy, but he no understand what Great Father said."

A wag who was present remarked, "The Winnebago of it is, 'Your people are gone suckers,'" probably alluding to the whisky-drinking propensities of the race.

GO AT IT!

THREE little words; but they express a great deal when taken together.

To the young man starting in life we say, remember the three little words, "Go at it," and live up to them. No master hard the toil, how steep the hill, how long the road, "go at it." The end will come, and victory crown your efforts.

A little party of playfellows, strolling through a wood, came to a brook. It must be crossed, or else their steps retraced.

One measures the distance with his eyes. "Too far," he exclaims, sadly. The look is enough. He doesn't dare to even attempt the leap. Another cries, "I can do it." He "goes at it." Ten chances to one that he gains the other side.

Follow those two boys through the world. Trace their progress as they fight the battle of life. The one, "letting I dare not wait upon I would," falters at critical moments, loses golden chances, and permits rivals to outstrip him in the race.

The other dashes on at the obstacles in his path of life with the same confidence, with the same energy, with which he essayed the leap across the brook in childhood's days. True, many a time his eyes deceive him. The leap is beyond his strength to compass, and he splashes in the stream. But is he discouraged at the failure? Never a bit. He learns by experience. His guess is truer the next time. But he does not halt, sit down by the roadside and whine, "I can't do it." He goes at it; tries, and succeeds nine times where he fails once.

How often do we hear our fellow-workers in this world's life bemoaning their evil fortune, and declaring that their lot is worse than anybody else's.

Such men never put in practice the sage injunction, "Go at it." Their hearts fail them at every brook they come to. Instead of boldly leaping over the obstacle, like turtles they waddle through the mud; they reach the opposite side, but show visible signs how disagreeable the passage was.

Young man, about to throw yourself into the busy wave of life, and test your skill and strength against the tide that sweeps ever onward, be sure and "go at it" bravely. Whatever you have to do, do it well. Don't neglect small things; the world is made up out of trifles. The boy who is very particular about sweeping out the store, who doesn't leave any dirt after him, who does his work thoroughly, will make a good credit. He is in the road to become a successful merchant.

Contemn we see a man turn up his nose in contempt at his work. "I am not in my proper sphere," he declares, loftily. He then proceeds to tell what he ought, and is able to do; but his words are not convincing ones. His actions don't back them up. If he performed his present duties well—"up to the handle," as the old Yankee saying is—we might believe him when he asserts that he is fit for something better.

Whatever you calling in life, make up your mind not to let any of your fellows that work by your side excel you. Be the first man in your business, no matter whether you carry a hod, or grave graceful lines in silver and gold. Make it your boast that you are *master* of your trade.

It is very rare in this world that true merit fails to command success. It can not be hid under a bushel forever. Its time will come.

Know yourself. Calculate what you are worth, and then resolve that the world shall accept the estimate that you have made. If it is a false one, you'll find it out soon enough. There is nothing like hard knocks for teaching a man to amounts to.

A man may fancy himself capable of a great many things; but, until he tries, he will never really know what is in him. He can fail, and failure isn't such a terrible thing, after all. We have seen many a man look nobler when the waves of misfortune were breaking over his head than when he wore the laurel wreath of the conqueror.

KING LEAR.

BY THE "FAT CONTRIBUTOR."

KING LEAR of Britain, finding himself quite aged, and the affairs of state weighing heavily upon him, resolved to divide his kingdom (a wide streak of bald divided his crown) between his three daughters, Goneril, Regan and Cordelia. He accordingly called them together one day for the purpose of announcing his intentions. Goneril and Regan were of the strong-minded sort. They were delegates to all the Woman's Rights conventions, lectured, and belonged to the Sorosis. They were married, the former to the Duke of Albany (of the Albany Regency), and the latter to the Duke of Cornwall. Cordelia was a young lady of a sweet, retiring disposition, quite domestic in her tastes and aspirations, and a great favorite with her father. The King of France and the Duke of Burgundy were each a suitor for her hand, though it was yet uncertain which would suitor.

King Lear made a little speech on the occasion. He spoke of his advanced years, told them how tired he was of listening to applications for post-offices and the like, and declaring himself in favor of the one-term principle. Then he wanted to know which of his girls loved him most. Goneril and Regan exhausted all the adjectives, besides drawing largely on the other parts of speech, in declaring their affection, so that, when it came poor Cordelia's turn, there was nothing left for her to say.

Her sisters had assured the king they loved him better than all the world besides, not excepting their husbands; but Cordelia, not being strong-minded, entertained the old-fashioned notion that her husband, when she got one, would be entitled to a portion of her love, and so intimated; which so enraged old man Lear that he dismisered her on the spot, and declared she should n't even have the bald!

The Duke of Kent interfered in behalf of Cordelia, and was instantly banished to New Jersey, with that promptness which characterized Lear as an executive officer. He then divided Britain between Goneril and Regan, and I may remark, in passing, that Britain has been a good deal divided, at times, ever since.

Who Knows?—A correspondent, signing himself, "An Anxious Inquirer," writes to know the meaning of the following, which he says, is from Mr. Stephen Pearl Andrews' exposition of his *science of Universal Language*:

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This reminds us of the story of the Winnebago chief. Visiting Washington City, to see his Great Father, a long speech was

Lear then asked the King of France and the Duke of Burgundy which of them would accept the dowager Cordelia for a wife. The duke expressed himself extremely sorry, and all that—regret it, 'pon honor—devilish fine girl, Cordelia is—great deal of style, but—ahem!—no "stamps!" She might answer for the King of France—he's well "heeld"—but she wouldn't do for Burgundy, bur-gracious!

The King of France loved Cordelia for her own self, and was secretly pleased at the reflection that he wouldn't have a father-in-law hanging around him if he married her; so he made her his queen, and they took the first steamer for Calais.

Lear stipulated, in parting with his kingdom and his crown, that he should retain one hundred knights and board with his two daughters during alternate months. This was settled, and the old man prepared to spend his last days in peace.

But, after the property was settled on the girls, and they had come into possession, things were different. He discovered that being a king was one thing, and being a boarder was quite another. Goneril or Mrs. Albany, with whom he stopped the first month, cooled toward him, and the servants, taking their cue from her, waxed insolent. The cook scolded if he came down late to breakfast, and the hired girl railed him for tracking the floor after she had been mopping. They didn't invite the old man into the parlor when they had company, but left him sitting on the back stoop all by himself; and more than half the time he had to go up to bed without any candle. He was very evidently in the way, and began to feel it.

In the mean time, the Duke of Kent, whom he had banished, came to him disguised as a hired man (a personage so much more useful than a nobleman that Lear didn't recognize him), and offered to work for thirteen dollars a month and found, which offer was accepted. Kent did this in order to take care of the old king, knowing that he would need it before the play was over.

At length Goneril's treatment of her father became intolerable. She cut the number of his knights down to fifty, which seriously interfered with his days. She obliged him to wear Mr. Albany's cast-off clothes, kept him running errands, and it not unfrequently happened that he was compelled to wash dishes and tend the baby while she was off to some Woman's Rights meeting. He got mad one day, and swore he wouldn't stand it any longer, but would go and live with Regan, and did.

But Regan used him considerably worse than her sister had, being a little stronger minded, if anything. She cut down the number of his knights from fifty to twenty-five, then to ten, then to five, until, finally, the poor, persecuted old man hadn't a knight he could call his own, not even Sunday night. She said he might stay there until the month was up, if he behaved himself; but, he must do chores around the house to pay for his board. It was very mortifying to the old king to be compelled to saw wood and bring water for the family, and doubly so to hear the boys in the alley, when he went to the store to get a jug of molasses, cry out, "There goes old Lear!" and yell, "What yer done with yer crown?"

The cruel heartlessness of his daughters, together with the reflection that he had brought his miseries on himself by his absurd concessions in behalf of woman's rights, at length drove him to frenzy, and one night, during a severe thunder storm, he fled to the fields without a gutta-percha overcoat or an umbrella.

Kent followed him (being hired by the month) and stuck to him throughout his succeeding attempts to take the business out of the hands of the regular lunatic asylums, with a fidelity that challenges admiration. Lear, in the midst of the thunder storm, attempts to outrun the elements. He calls upon the winds to blow until they crack their cheeks and loosen all their teeth; solicits the cataracts and hurricanes to spout until the American eagle is drowned on the summit of every adjacent liberty-pole; urges the lightning to transform itself into a potent hair-dye, and singe his white locks; while, at the same time, he earnestly invokes the thunderbolts to smite the orb of earth, and knock it flatter'n a pancake!

Amid the wildness of the storm, the crazy old king finds congenial companionship in the person of another escaped lunatic, "Poor Tom," who proves to be the son of a nobleman, in disguise, hiding away from the evil machinations of his brother. His constant ejaculation was, "Poor Tom's a cold;" although he knew his brother would warm him if he could only find him.

Kent, in the mean time, had contrived to send word to Cordelia, Queen of France, regarding the manner in which the old man had been used by her sisters, after he had turned over to them the government. She was also informed that, while clothing workers with the ballot had resulted in driving her father crazy, it was found that the whole of Britain would soon be in a like predicament if the thing wasn't stopped. So Cordelia took an army they weren't using just then, and came over to Britain to straighten matters up.

She was combated, shortly after landing, by the united cohorts of Goneril and Regan, who vanquished her army, and took her and Lear (whom she had under her protection) prisoners of war. The cruel and unnatural sisters tried them by drumhead court-martial, and sentenced them to the workhouse for thirty days, at hard labor, and to pay a fine of fifty dollars each, and costs, and to be confined until paid; this being the extent of the law.

The end of the Lear family was exceedingly tragic. Regan was poisoned by Goneril out of jealousy, and Goneril killed herself because her husband got hold of a love-letter she had written to another man. Cordelia was hanged in her cell by order of a free-lover of the wicked sisters, and old man Lear died of remorse, expressing a hope in his last moments that his fate would prove a salutary warning to the world not to permit the women to get the upper-hand.

Mr. Campbell's New Story.

We shall, in a succeeding number or two, commence a new serial from the pen of Bartley T. Campbell (Edwin South)—one of the most pleasing and popular writers of fiction now catering for the weekly press. To our readers he was introduced by his "In the Web"—a story so full of capital points, so graphic as a story and so powerful in its exposition of character, that readers may well anticipate a treat in his

OUT IN THE WORLD;
OR,
THE FOUNDING OF RAT ROW.

A LOVING LIFE.

BY AUGUSTINE DUGANNE.

Let love inspire thee, and thy life shall be a daily prayer to have for sinful earth; For love is lowly with all things earthly; And He whose life was love shall strengthen thee, For love, like perfume in the flower's cup, Is balmy influence still rendereth up, Thus to our loving lives a sway is thrown: (Even tho' that sway to us be all unknown) O'er many a wander in this world of guile; And thus a soul may cost us but a smile!

Let then our love in loving deeds be shown;

For as their fragrance lifts us above,

Be sure that many a heart is lifted thus by love.

Foolscap Papers.

Sir Walter Raleigh, the first
Tobacconist.

AMERICA had been discovered. For

countless ages the United States had occu-

pied a small place in the world's history.

The mighty Mississippi was comparatively

unknown; the Niagara Falls had roared

unheard by European ears. Chicago's grain

market had been very dull, the divorce busi-

ness had been very dull, the divorce busi-

ness had

ADJURATION.

BY ALICE LEFFEL.

Flow down, thou silver waterfall,
Flow down forevermore;
No memories canst thou recall—
Ah, never, nevermore!
Flow swiftly on, kiss thy fern leaves,
And do forget them not;
Oh, love a friend that loving cleaves—
A friend is last forgot.
Oh, dash thy spray upon the pines,
And on this mossy bed;
Behold the blossoms who recline—
With only sky o'erhead.
They seek at the flower's very heart,
In seeking to do good;
Would I had friends not more apart
Than thou and thy sweet wood!

Strange Stories.

THE OWLS OF LA VENDEE.

A LEGEND OF BRITTANY.

BY AGILE PENNE.

ON the rocky shore, upon which leaped the waters of the bay of Vannes, stood the Tower of Chateaubriant.

The Chateaubriants of Vannes were an ancient and a noble race, proud of their blood and tenacious of their honor.

At the time of which we write, the black cloud of war had burst over fair France. The neck of the Bourbon had felt the keen edge of the steel, and Paris gutters had run red with noble blood. Then came the soubiennant, young Napoleon; first the servant of the Republic; then its master.

But when the wave of revolution swept over the land, nearly all of Brittany had remained faithful to the royal cause.

The golden lilies and the tri-color—the royalists and the republicans—met in fierce encounter amid the hills and plains of La Vendee.

Beaten in the open field, the royalists had taken themselves to the recesses of the hills. By night attack and sudden surprise they strove to break the grip of iron that the republicans held on Brittany.

Amid the dense forests—disputing with the wolf for its rocky lair—the followers of the golden lilies found shelter.

At night the hoot of the owl—their chosen signal—called them forth to "desperate adventure and destruction." And so the royal party were known as the *Chouans* (owls) of La Vendee.

In one of the chambers of the Tower, that fronted on the sea, lay a dying man. Around him knelt a circle of weeping domestics. A little boy, some four years of age, clung with streaming eyes to the breast of the expiring man.

The flickering candles—it was night—shed a dim light over the scene.

The man was Raymond, lord of Chateaubriant. The boy that clung to his breast, his only son and heir, named Raymond like his father, after the good old Breton fashion.

Raymond of Chateaubriant was one of the most daring of all the Chouan leaders. In a night attack upon a republican post, he had been mortally wounded. The "Owls" had born him home to die.

"Has he not come yet?" questioned the sufferer, feebly.

"Not yet, monsieur," replied the old doctor, who stood by the head of the bed, and gazed with an anxious eye upon the sick man.

The storm roared without, and the waves dashed with a sullen roar against the stones of the Tower.

And who was it that they waited for in the chamber of death? Hercule St. George, cousin to the lord of Chateaubriant, his nearest kin, and the man whom he had selected as the guardian of his son.

Monsieur St. George was not a bluff and free-hearted soldier like his cousin, but a cold and silent man; more lawyer than soldier.

"Will he never come?" moaned the sick man, with feverish impatience.

But even as he spoke, the door opened, and St. George entered the apartment. Hastily he cast aside the wet cloak that covered him, and kneeling by the side of the dying Raymond, took his clammy hand in his.

"I am here, cousin," he said.

The eyes of the lord brightened for a moment as he feebly tried to return the pressure of the other's hand.

"Cousin, I have received my summons," he said, faintly. "A republican bullet has closed my account. My son, Raymond—I confide him to your care. Bring him up to love his country and his king. He is weak and tender—a feeble scion of my tough race. If he should die, then, cousin, you are my heir."

"Do not think of such a thing; under my fostering care he will live to be an honor to Brittany," St. George said, earnestly. "I pledge my soul to rear him as if he were my own."

Then on the air—borne on the wings of the storm—came the shrill hoot of an owl; a second owl answered the first.

All within the chamber, except the dying lord, the cousin and the child, shuddered. The cry of the "obscure bird" seemed like an omen of evil!

A strange glare appeared in the dull eyes of Chateaubriant.

"Do you hear, cousin?" he cried, with strange energy for one so near death's door; "tis the cry of the owls; their notes bode death to traitors; never yet have they rung in republican ears but the charge of the royal sons of La Vendee followed. Cousin, if you prove false to your trust may the vengeance of the owls fall upon you!"

Again the lone and hollow hoot of the owls mingled with the wailing of the tempest's blast. Before the sound had died away on the air, the soul of the lord of Chateaubriant had winged its flight from earth.

The boy flung himself, sobbing, upon the breast of the dead.

"Do not weep, little son," said St. George, kindly, and he took the child in his arms as he spoke. "Heaven has taken away one father, but sent thee another in me. We will have grand times in the future. You are now the little lord of all around; see!"

With the boy in his arms, he approached the casement and threw it open. The night was black as ink; far below, the surge of the billows rose upon the air.

"And, on yonder water, when the sun-light plays upon it, you shall have a silver boat, with a golden mast and sails of silk, like fairy-land."

For the third time the owls cried. St. George started in terror at the sound.

A cry of horror burst from his lips. All within the room turned in alarm.

"By Heaven! the boy has sprung from my arms into the sea!" St. George exclaimed.

A shriek of terror rose on the air.

Quickly stout Pierre—once a fisherman, but lately the chosen henchman of the lord of Chateaubriant—sprung to the window, and leaping upon the low sill, peered out into the darkness.

"What would you do?" cried St. George, in astonishment.

"Take a header into yonder surge; perchance I may find the boy."

"But 'tis almost certain death!"

"It's only fifty feet, and I'd risk it for the sake of my master's son, if, instead of the ocean, it were a lake of flames!" the hardy Breton replied.

"Merciful heavens!" he cried, in terror; "that voice! who are you?"

"Raymond of Chateaubriant!" cried the masked man, removing the covering that hid his face, and showing to the startled eyes of St. George the living image of his dead cousin.

"Mercy, mercy!" gasped St. George, in astonishment.

The storm howled wilder than ever, and the angry billows dashed their white spray high in the air.

With lighted torches, St. George and the servants of the household descended to the shore. Their search was fruitless.

Pierre, the fisherman, and Raymond, the boyish heir of Chateaubriant, were never seen again.

Time passed on.

By the terms of Chateaubriant's will, Monsieur St. George took possession of the estate. Unlike his cousin, he gave in his adherence to the usurper, as the royal Bretons called the Corsican, Napoleon.

The tenants of Chateaubriant found that there was a wonderful difference between the cousins. Their new master was hard and stern. He ground them to the dust.

Twenty years passed away. The Corsican emperor went down, and the Bourbon king came back. Ever prompt to adopt the winning side, St. George now turned his coat again, and cried, "God save the king!" as lustily as he had exclaimed "Live the Republic!" or "Vive l'Empereur!"

St. George, with many other of the leading gentlemen of the province, met the representative of the Bourbon at Rennes, and assured him of his loyalty.

Behold him then, the conference done, riding home in the faint light of a new moon!

The forest is dark, and drear on either

side. The pines sway in the night breeze with a mournful sound.

St. George shivers, not with cold, for the summer air is warm, but with a silent terror that has crept over his soul. Never before has the homeward road seemed so long. Strange thoughts come into his mind. Again he is in the chamber of death; again he lies to a dying man; again he seizes the estates of the orphan; again he hears the hoot of the night-bird piercing the night air.

St. George shivers, nervously, and urges his horse on still faster. The way is dark; the path full of gloom.

Then, on the breeze, sounds the cry of the owls. Before, behind, on every side, the dreary note resounds!

From the gloom of the forest springs a dark form; he catches the bridle of St. George's horse. The steed starts in affright, for the dark form has the figure of a man and the head of an owl!

A score or more of dark shadows, wearing masks, surround the horseman.

St. George was dragged from his seat by no gentle hands and seated upon a fallen log that lay by the roadside. Around him, in a circle, gathered the masked men. He that wore the head of the owl, apparently the chief of the rest, faced St. George.

"What is the meaning of this outrage?" demanded St. George, in an angry tone.

"Hercule St. George, now falsely called the lord of Chateaubriant!" said the owl, in a deep voice, that was strangely familiar to the ear of St. George.

"Why do you say that?" cried St. George; "who disputes my right to the estates of Chateaubriant?"

"Raymond, the son of the last lord of that tower," replied the owl.

"He is dead!"

"Hercule St. George, how did he die?" demanded the owl, sternly.

"The story is known to all the province," replied St. George, in confusion.

"Perhaps I am a stranger; therefore, answer the question," cried the chief of the masked men, in a tone that told plainly that he was not to be trifled with.

"He sprang from my arms into the sea, the night his father died, frightened by the cry of an owl," St. George said, slowly.

"You lie!" cried the owl, in a stern voice.

"He did not spring from your arms, but you, yourself, cast him into the sea that you might seize his estate."

"Who dares to make this charge against me?" exclaimed St. George, his face white, either with anger or with fear.

"The Owls of La Vendee!" replied the stranger. "Look around you; all these men followed the lead of Raymond de Chateaubriant. Do you remember the dying words of your cousin?—if you prove false to your trust may the vengeance of the owls fall upon you!"

"Mercy, mercy!" gasped St. George, in astonishment.

"What mercy did you have upon your nephew when you cast him into the angry sea?" sternly demanded the owl.

"Again, I say, the charge is false! I did not do the deed!" St. George exclaimed.

"You lie, false-hearted traitor!" cried one of the masked men in a deep voice, that rung through the ears of St. George like a knell of doom.

"Merciful heavens!" he cried, in terror; "that voice! who are you?"

"Raymond of Chateaubriant!" cried the masked man, removing the covering that hid his face, and showing to the startled eyes of St. George the living image of his dead cousin.

"Mercy, mercy!" gasped St. George, in astonishment.

"The fiery blood transmitted to her from her Spanish mother, was all afame. She could not reason; she thought only of revenge for the insult thus placed upon her."

That woman never would have written thus, unless Harry had met her fully half-way. If he did, that he was not worthy a true woman's love. And Rena persuaded herself that the great, worshiping love had changed to contempt. She could not wait patiently until he should call, to tell him this; she would confront the guilty pair in their fancied security.

Rena glided up to the chamber and changed her dress to one dark and plain. Then she slipped within her bosom a strange article for such a receptacle—a small, exquisitely-finished pistol. This was done as if unconsciously. Had she asked why she did so, she could not have answered.

Then, leaving the house, unseen, she quickly turned the corner, halting a hasty, and was soon rolling rapidly toward the Upper Missouri steamers. As they came in full view of the river, Rena noted a carriage in which was Harry Sherwood. He did not see her, as the windows were raised; but was eagerly watching the Calypso as she slowly rounded at the wharf-bout.

Rena watched him as he sprang forward and warmly welcomed a lady, and the ash-pallor became more gray as he bowed his head and imprinted a warm kiss upon the upturned face. A stranger, could he have seen through the thick veil Rena wore, might have wondered at her death-like paleness; but would have little dreamed what a fearful tumult was raging beneath that stormy mask. Those moments were ones of fear and torture to the jealous woman.

Hercule St. George never returned to the Tower of Chateaubriant. Search revealed his body in the forest, a pistol-bullet through the brain.

Young Raymond, who held the commission of captain in the royal service, claimed the less rugged places, and no less the clinging of her form to his. They seemed true lovers, so tenderly protecting was his care, so confiding was her reliance upon his strong arm.

A groan, faint and abruptly checked, but full of an inexpressible wo, rose to Rena's lips, as her lover lifted the graceful form into the carriage. Then, as if ashamed of her momentary weakness, she bit her lip until the pearly teeth were tinged with crimson. Then bending forward, she spoke to the driver:

"Follow that carriage—the one to your left. Don't lose sight of it, and your fare shall be doubled."

"Follow that carriage—the one to your left. Don't lose sight of it, and your fare shall be doubled."

"It was Harry Sherwood who spoke, to his left."

"I AM very sorry, Rena, but I have an engagement that I can not break. Only for that I would go with pleasure."

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"It was Harry Sherwood who spoke, to his left

door, and turned down the gas for the night.

She was sitting in the dusky glare of the fire, facing the door.

Why she glanced up so suddenly, so nervously, she never can tell. Probably actuated by one of those mysterious powers over which we have no control; but with dilated eyes, and labored breath, she gazed at—the ghost!

There it was—faint, shadowy, looking at her from the other side of the glass window, with a strangely familiar expression on its face, after a second piercing glance brought a wild scream to her lips.

"Harry! Harry!"

Her cry brought Mrs. Brown, in alarm, to the door; and Leah tottered to admit her, half fearing to open the door, half delighted that she had seen her beloved's face once more.

The hall was empty, save for Mrs. Brown, who eagerly rushed in. Silently Leah closed the door, and glanced furtively up; then pointed Mrs. Brown to it—for there it was again, pale, shadowy, flowing in outline.

Mrs. Brown gave a little shriek, and covered up her face.

"Oh, Miss Glenclyffe! I come to you, do! It's Mr. Ernest's dead face—a haunting us!"

"It is my lover, Mrs. Brown, and his name is Harry Burton."

In her surprise at Leah's unnaturally calm tones, Mrs. Brown opened her eyes.

"Harry Burton—who? That was poor Guy Ernest!"

A quick ring at the street door summoned Mrs. Brown away, who hurried through the entry as though the ghost itself were at her heels.

If she had been astounded at the sight in Leah Glenclyffe's room, she was speechless from terrified amaze when she opened the parlor door; for Guy Ernest, ruddy, smiling as ever, came up to her, holding out his hand!

"I've stayed away longer than I expected, Mrs. Brown! No one came to my ring, so I walked right in. You look well, as usual."

But Mrs. Brown stood staring, half afraid to trust the evidence of her eyes.

"Are you *sure* it's you, Mr. Ernest?"

"Dead sure," he laughed. "Why should n't it be—oh! you thought I was scalped with the others? Thank God, I escaped!"

Then Mrs. Brown shook hands, while the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Somebody told me you were *not* Guy Ernest—you were Harry Burton. How is that?"

He colored a trifle before he answered. "I am really Harry Ernest Burton; I dropped the last, and added Guy, for certain reasons—a love affair. Mrs. Brown, which you surely will not ask about."

Mrs. Brown made no reply, but her blue eyes twinkled as she bade him go up and take a peep at his old room.

He followed her up the stairs, laughing and chatting, little thinking to whose ears the sound was wafted, when the door opened, and Leah stood there, pale as death, her eyes shining like December stars.

On he came, unaware of her presence, until with a gasping cry, Leah sprung to him.

"Harry! Harry! you are not angry with me now?"

Her penitent, loving tones went like a thunderbolt to his ears. He glanced quickly at her, hesitated a second from sheer amazement, then took her in his arms.

"My little Leah—my own always!"

And Mrs. Brown knew Leah Glenclyffe's troubles were over.

That night, when the lovers and the kind landlady were sitting in the "haunted" room, in the full blaze of the gas-light, Leah told Harry of the phantom of himself over the door. He laughed merrily.

"I never thought to frighten any one with it," he said, as he turned down the gas again, displaying the face as usual, over the door. "I arranged it for my own amusement. See."

He gradually raised the flame, and the picture withdrew; then, on one of the silver globes, he showed Mrs. Brown and Leah where he had rudely sketched an outline of his face, that, by a certain light, was magnified and reflected in the glass over the door.

Then he hastily drew a face like Leah's beside it, with flowing hair, and Mrs. Brown's plump, matronly features; he turned the jet nearly off again, and the three faces looked dimly down.

So in the "haunted" room, two hearts were forever reunited, and the restless ghost ceased his troubous visitations.

The Avenging Angels:

OR,
THE BANDIT BROTHERS OF THE SCIO.

A BORDER AND INDIAN TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SILENT HUNTER," "QUEEN OF THE WOODS," ETC.

CHAPTER XL.

THE SCOUT'S REVENGE.

The Hurons spread themselves over the field, once more taking up their positions previous to the charge. Kenewa, with a gravity and sternness which effectually concealed the burning fury which devoured him at the delay, when every moment he expected the dark signal to rise in the air, motioned his braves to follow.

A rush was made in advance.

Incredible as it appeared, there burst from the Shawnees a cry of disappointment and despair, and though their great chief, Theanderigo, tried to encourage them, they presently burst from cover, spread themselves abroad, and fled.

The Hurons, triumphant and rejoicing, pressed on, when a young scout presented himself before Kenewa.

"Ugh!"

"Carcajou, the Wild Hog, and the big-knife Bandits have fled to the village."

"On!" said the chief, whose two eyes shone like carbuncles in the dark. "On!"

He knew what this meant, and knew that if they did not now press forward the prize for which they fought would soon be lost to him forever.

Theanderigo, however, was a warrior of renown, and soon induced his men to stand, especially when a messenger from Carcajou announced that he and Moses Horne had only retreated toward the barricade erected on the skirt of the clearing, where the last and most desperate stand must be made if the village was to be preserved from the invader.

With consummate skill, the brave and distinguished chief, who had never commanded in so serious a fray, and who,

warming to the conflict, resolved to win or die, placed his diminished force where it might first hold the enemy in check, and then enable him to retreat in a chosen direction to rejoin his allies, alongside of whom he wished, for many reasons, to be.

The whole body of the Shawnees were now posted on a small piece of level ground, with trees on all parts, while in their rear the land sloped toward the village.

The direct road to the wigwams lay through a narrow, dark, and wooded vale, over which hung some of the leafy monarchs of the wood, creating gloom even in the heart of day.

Theanderigo spoke in a low, clear tone to his followers, giving them minute directions, which, if followed, would save many a life and promote victory.

The decimated and much-thinned group of warriors listened to his words of wisdom in sullen silence, resolved, however, to do his bidding, and redeem, if possible, the fortunes of the day.

Their eyes were fixed upon the advancing foe, while every man nervously clutched his rifle.

Theanderigo stood under a huge oak, on the brow of the hill, addressing his men.

At that moment, when the Shawnees were about to respond to the words of their chief by a fearful whoop, there came up the slope a sound as of a deadly volley, then the unmistakable shout of white men, followed by a dropping and irregular fire of Shawnee rifles.

Like an echo came the cry of the Hurons; and the Shawnees, without waiting for them, rushed, with their chief, to the scene of this new disaster, whatever it might be.

Kenewa had now no excuse for delay, and with a wild, long whoop dashed after the flying Shawnees, followed by the whole of his men.

Ere, however, he could sight a single dusky body, they were lost to view, so that his men advanced without the discharge of a single rifle.

A fearful combat raged in the valley below. The shouts of the gallant Backwood Avengers, the loud crack of the Western rifle, came like fiery incendiaries to action to their eager souls.

The brave pale-faces, who cheered lustily now that they fought with something of discipline and according to their own fancies, were evidently hemmed in by the whole force of the Shawnees, who, eager to dispatch them ere their friends came up, would strive in every way for victory.

With a chivalry, under the circumstances almost incredible in an Indian chief, Theanderigo had, when his associates, the White River Shawnees and the long-knives, cast themselves into the village, selected the southern wing, the skirt of the forest, for defense.

He saw not then what followed, or, seeing, could not interfere.

As the first flash of the flames seized upon the huge bed of straw and whirled up in the gust in a tremendous volume, a man might have been seen making for the tent supposed to contain the future bride of the chief.

It was Carcajou.

He was covered with blood, his eyes glared horribly, his whole face was so unnatural and revolting from baffled malice and fear of defeat, that he might easily have been taken for the foul fiend himself as he passed like a shadow before the fire.

Then he lifted the blanket and entered the tent.

A moment's silence prevailed.

Then came a howl, a shriek, such as appalled every man in the place, and caused each combatant to stand still with awe and cease the fearful combat.

Something awful was taking place within the tent.

Cries, curses, shrieks, yells of the most fearful and forbidding character arose, making the night truly hideous.

Then out into the light came a dark and bloody figure, staggering about like a scorpion.

As it stood in the blaze of the fire, all could see that it was the form of a warrior, the lower part of his face shot away, his eyes rolling hideously, and, as it seemed, sightlessly, in the pangs of death.

He was scalped.

Next instant, a figure quite as fearful painted very much the same, also severely wounded, came forth from the wigwam, and with a knife renewed the contest, which had been commenced with a pistol.

The first man was Carcajou.

The second was Steve, who had waited in the empty wigwam until the hour when he expected the Wild Hog would come to steal away the prize which belonged, by the rights of war, to Theanderigo, the Black Hawk of the Shawnees.

The moment Carcajou bounded into the tent he found himself face to face with Steve the scout, who stood in the dim light awaiting him.

"I got thee at last, ye dod-rotted heather thief!" said the scout, savagely.

And then, for fear that he should escape, he fired a pistol, which took effect upon the lower part of the face.

Then began one of those horrible personal struggles which are unknown to civilized warfare, and which one must go to savages or sepoys to realize.

Steve was animated by the most bitter and intolerable feelings of revenge. Ever since the death of his mother, and the somewhat rash vow he had made, his had been a wandering life. Seven long years he had nursed his wrath, which now was warm indeed, and every pang which he had suffered sharpened the knife which was to wipe out this stain from his existence.

Carcajou, who, from having in former times been friendly with Steve, knew his voice, was well aware that now nothing but the death of his adversary would save him from scalping. He, therefore, wasted no time on words, but clutched his antagonist in the dying grip.

He shrieked and howled, and gave the war-cry, partly from habit, partly to terrify his assailant, but also with the hope of bringing his men to the rescue. Though his red-skin pride forbade his calling on them, yet he could not but hope that they might be induced to remember their chief was in danger.

Steve understood him well, and fought the more desperately; so that at last he had him down, and with his knee upon his chest, with a fearful and almost maniac glare, he scalped him ere giving the final blow.

Carcajou, in his agony, threw off his conqueror, and rushed from the tent with a yell torn from him by the mortal agony he endured. But Steve was after him, and next moment Carcajou, the Wild Hog, fell headlong forward into the flames, which was the signal for the bandits to make their final attack.

Then Roland and Kenewa, saw that several of the warriors on the other side were moving away, until they could detect on the clearing a long line of swarthy figures.

"Tis the Bandits," cried Roland.

"Ugh!"

"And there's that scoundrel, Carcajou, the Wild Hog."

The Rattlesnake groaned, and putting his fingers to his lips, tapping them quickly, he gave such a yell as never woke the echoes of the Catawba hills before.

Then the whole line cheered, firing at the retreating foe, and loading as they advanced.

The barricades were carried.

With the bound of panthers, the Shawnees now rushed to seek the shelter of their village, from behind the stockade of which they were resolved to make a last and desperate defense.

Now, on the side of the river, there was not much more cover than was afforded by some rocks and bushes; but, on the forest side, there was a thicket of five-oaks.

Steve gave a cry, something between a shriek of exultation and a maniac laugh, after which he withdrew to the tent, which in a moment more was in one fearful blaze.

The combat on all hands was renewed,

the Backwood Avengers and the Hurons at

once realizing the fearful peril in which

their white companion was placed by the dis-

covery of his presence in the camp.

CHAPTER XL.

THE END OF BLOOD.

It would be almost vain to picture to ourselves, much less to convey on paper, our impression of what the poor girls suffered during the many phases of this herculean combat.

Ever since they had been joined by Steve

they were aware that their fate must soon be decided.

The Indian maidens bore them-

selves with that philosophical indifference of manner which is, of course, much more assumed than real, but which, at all events, enables them to appear patient.

Ettie and Martha had, however, no such

tuition to fall back on.

They looked on the Shawnees with a horror and wholeness

which was natural and reasonable.

Ella was, we have said, ill.

There was fever on her brow, and fever, to a certain extent, accompanied by madness.

The utter

prostration of intellect which had at first

followed the sight of her mother's corpse,

and the brutal threats of the Bandits, was

succeeded by a mania of another kind.

She talked repeatedly of the past, and

wanted the society of her father and mother.

Ettie could only reply by her tears.

Then under the advice of Steve the scout,

Matata procured febrifuges and applied them; then added narcotics, which sent her to sleep, so that she slept soundly.

Several times during the day she awoke,

and, looking listlessly around, took her drink, and again slept. She was heavy, drowsy, and ill.

By evening, however, the febrifuges had

done their work.

She was cool, calm, but very weak.

</

in an instant disarmed and secured the women.

Moses Horne, with a horrid grin, clutched Etie; the others fell to the share of the three brothers.

Ella was unnoticed.

"Now, my birds, no whining, no crying, or you'll have to be stunned," said Moses, lifting his hand, clenched, and holding it in the face of Etie.

Etie looked wildly round. The face of the Bandit appalled her, while the sight of the other three ruffians seemed to indicate that escape was hopeless.

"Have mercy!" she cried.

"Silence!" he responded, with a frightful imprecation, "silence, or it will be worse for you. Now, boys—no time to waste!"

"None, wretch—die!" said a low voice close to him, and a bright flash was seen to pass through the air.

Then a knife quivered in the arm of the ruffian, unfortunately only inflicting a flesh wound.

"Curse the she-devil!" he roared.

Then, taking the knife from the wound, he raised it on high, and before any one could interfere had plunged it into the breast of the unfortunate girl, who fell back lifeless on the couch, the blood spurting from the wound.

A wild shriek of agony burst from Etie's lips, and she cast herself wildly on the elder sister's body.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo! 'Tarnal death!" shouted the well-known voice of Tom Smith, as, followed by all the Backwood Avengers, he burst into the wigwam, and after a short struggle secured the whole of the Bandits, who were then dragged out into the open air.

Roland and the judge stood awe-struck.

"What, both, my little ones!" said the latter, starting with horror at the sight of Etie.

"No," whispered Matafa; "only Ella—big-knife stab her—Etie faint."

Roland, with moist eye and quivering lip, raised Etie in his arms, while the judge took Ella's hand.

"Don't move the darling—don't wake her," said the elder sister, faintly; "let her be. 'Tis better as it is."

"But your wound, my angel," cried the agonized father.

"Matafa may look at it."

The men rose and withdrew a moment, while the Indian girl, assisted by Martha, uncovered the sufferer's bosom, and examined the wound.

They at once stanched it—but in silence. "Well," said Ella, with a smile, "am I not right? Am I not on my way to join my mother?"

"My sister will be in the happy hunting-ground of her people are many minutes," said the Prairie Rose, with a deep sigh.

"It is well. There is but one heaven, Matafa; we shall get there in time, if we are good. But, now, I would speak with my father."

The judge, moving more like an automaton than a human being, tottered to her side; Etie knelt, suffocated with tears. The captain stood erect, with a pale and horror-stricken countenance.

"Grieve not, my father, for Ella is not fit for earth. Something here," touching her head, "is wrong. But, though I am weak in sense, I am strong in love. Father, weep not. I am only going to mother. 'Tis sweet to die thus, with all my friends around me."

"My child! My child! Oh, my fortune for a doctor!" cried the agonized father.

"Not all the millions of the earth can check the ebb and flow of that which God gives when He wills, and takes when He pleases. I want no doctor, but your prayers, Roland!"

"Ella."

"You love this child?"

"Sister!"

"I have only a few minutes," urged Ella, gently. "I would die happy—you love this child, Roland?"

"I do, Ella."

"No more! As you may never live to see child of yours perish thus—by murderer kind to her, to him—"

Roland could not speak, but he took the beautiful girl's hand and kissed it tenderly.

Ella joined their two hands.

"Now, pray for me, all."

Then there was silence in the tent. All those who professed the pure belief of the God made man for our salvation, knelt; the father, the lover, the sister, the brothers, the rough scout, and the others, all moved to deep emotion at the sight of one they all so much loved passing away thus early.

None could trust themselves.

The Rattlesnake, Matafa, and her sister, stood aloof, with grave and sorrowful countenances.

The face of the dying girl was beyond all power of description beautiful. It was calm, resigned, and perfectly the countenance of one prepared to die.

Suddenly she opened her eyes.

"I have prayed," she said. "Now, Etie, sing to me."

Choked with grief, yet did the young and devoted enthusiast of religion force herself to raise her voice in one of those songs of heavenly origin which have ever been so strong a source of consolation to the true Christian.

A gleam of joy unutterable passed, like a meteor flash, through the eyes of the dying girl.

"Thanks! And now may God, in his infinite mercy, bless you! Leave me. Father will sing me now the songs of old—the songs he sang to me when a babe. I will die as I came into the world, in his arms, Sing to me, father," she whispered. "Hush!"

The father passed his once strong arm round her, cradling the form of his first-born, in such agony as no man could write of, or if he could, nothing of woman born could read.

Pride, avarice, lust of power, greed—all the evil passions which spoil and stain this world of beauty and brightness—stop here; and no man, however bad, except such as, from degrading associations and habits, have ceased to lay claim to the honored name, can see the darling hope of his early years fade away like a summer cloud, without a pang the most acute which Nature can inflict.

Ella spoke no more connectedly. She whispered words which fell only on his ears who had most right to listen, and who treasured those fond, childish expressions more than all the jewels in his store, more than all that heaven or earth could give him.

The Angel of Death fluttered once in the rude wigwam of the stranger Indian, and Judge Mason had but one daughter.

Ella, in the pride of her beauty, had passed away to a world where evil passions are unknown, and eternal happiness awaits the blessed and the just.

CHAPTER XLIII.

CONCLUSION.

An hour later the Indian village presented a spectacle as unusual as it was unexpected.

The sounds of battle had long ceased on every hand, the bodies of friends and enemies had been removed out of sight for burial, while every thing that ingenuity and humanity could devise had been done for the wounded living.

The whole of the Hurons had removed from the village to where a number of tall trees gave a pleasant shelter; and while the women of the Shawnees, their prisoners, prepared food and refreshment, the warriors assembled to do justice.

Theeaderigo and the remnant of his tribe stood sullenly apart, unarmed, but not unobservant of what was passing.

When the women of the tribe, with their children and the youths, were captured, Roland, who assumed the supreme command (the more readily that the Hurons understood he was willing to compensate them for their arduous journey and severe losses), at once sent a messenger to Theeaderigo, promising safety, life, and liberty to all who came in and surrendered.

Then the whites and Indians collected round the grave which had been opened for the mortal remains of Ella.

Even the Shawnee girls came crowding round the white women to witness the funeral of the poor demented pale-face, whose beautiful countenance had won many a friend, even in the village of the Black Hawk.

The young men touched their father on the shoulder, and the old man, more wan, more aged, more broken-hearted every minute, rose to his feet, aided by his sons, now so overwhelmed with hidden anguish as scarcely to be able to stand.

"Put her down gently," he murmured; "and strew flowers on her grave. She loved sweet-scented herbs and fragrant plants, and all that God made beautiful and pure. Ah, 'tis there—"

And he cast his eyes into the narrow pit, where all life ends, where even hate can not pursue us.

"'Tis a narrow home, Roland, but 'tis enough. Now listen to me. This grief is killing me. I can not, wish not to survive it. Take her." And he embraced Etie wildly. "My sons, I give her to her. Deal justly by him. Ye are brave, good boys, but Roland should be to you always as an elder brother. Obey him; be guided by him. He is wise and good. My little darling, bless you; the blessings of an old and dying man on you and yours, whom I could have wished to see, had she—had your mother been spared me."

He waved his hand, for speak he could not.

They lowered her gently into her dark final abode, with a roof of boards above her head.

"Stop!" said Judge Mason, in a loud voice, as they prepared, with rude Indian shovels, to cover up the remains.

He turned faintly round.

"Farewell!" he said, and, leaping headlong into the grave, he cried, "I come, I come!"

When they raised him up he was dead.

They then into the awful presence of their victim were led the four Bandits of the Scito.

These men, usually so insolent, whom so ferocious, an hour since so murderous in death, were cowed, abject in their dread of the consequences of crime. They had not even the insolent heroism of their lawless fathers.

They looked around with a wan and anxious glance for sympathy, for pity.

They met nothing but stern, cold looks, and glances that scarce concealed the execration with which they were regarded.

"My friends," said Roland, in a cold, earnest voice, "I will not harrow this old man's feelings by recapitulating the deeds of these men. You all know them as thieves, murderers, assassins, the violators of every law, divine and human. I, therefore, simply ask all of you who think, white man or red-skin, that they are guilty of the crimes of which I accuse them, to say to them 'Yes,' the others 'No!'"

"Yes!" burst from every throat, savage and civilized.

"Judge, they are found guilty," said Roland, respectfully. "What shall be done unto them?"

"Let them die like dogs. But be quick—my child waits for me—she can not leave earth while earth is cumbered by such wretches all."

"Mercy!" gasped the whole four.

Judge Mason his face as white as marble, his figure momentarily erect, turned toward them.

"Mercy!" he said, with a sternness foreign to his usual nature. "Mercy! Ye had none for my little one. There she lies; her soul is with her sainted mother. If there be mercy for you on earth, let her ask for you; if not, die!"

And he seated himself on the ground, at the head of the corpse, and, never until spoken to, raised his aged head. His eyes, soon blinded with tears again, were fixed upon her face.

Meanwhile an awful scene had been enacted.

Four trees had been selected, and to the four ruffians were led by main force, shrieking, yelling, uttering the most awful and frightful execrations in one breath, and then beheading and praying for their guilty ordeals.

The wretches were held by Indians, their legs being confined, to prevent the fearful kicks with which, otherwise, they would have assailed their captors.

The executioners were Steve, Tom Smith, and the two laborers, who entered upon their task with a heartiness which indicated not so much their detestation of the individuals as their abhorrence of the foul crime they had committed.

They clambered up the trees with four stout lassos, which they fastened firmly.

Then they descended and rolled to the ground some big stones, upon which the Bandits were placed.

They no longer struggled. They were almost inanimate. Their eyes glared around with a vacant horror impossible to describe.

"Boys," said Steve, taking off his cap, "you know you've brought this upon yourselves; so don't blame nobody. If you know such a thing, say a prayer."

The wretched beings looked at their elder brother with such an humble, bewildered glance, such an awe-struck countenance, as made even the Indians shiver.

"'Tarnal death!" suddenly said Moses Horne, rousing himself, as if a new thought had come into his head; "now that's quite fun enough, Mr. Steve. You've had your game; now just untie us."

"When the captain lifts his hand—and he's nigh to do so—off yer goes," was the cool reply.

"Mercy! Let us live. Take our arms

away—drive us into the woods to herd with the beasts—we will never show our faces again. We will live on roots—we will re-pent—"

"Too late!" cried Steve, and, at a sign, the stones were rolled away, sending the wreaths swinging into the air with a cry that life which is dear unto the most mean and wretched.

The bodies swung round and round for a minute or two, and then slowly subsided.

Then four rifles were aimed at them and discharged, the bodies quivering all over.

Immediately they were cut down and cast upon a huge pile of brush, fagots, and wood, which had been hastily collected.

Fire was set to the pile, and, ere ten minutes, clouds of thick murky smoke proclaimed that the Bandits of the Scito had met their earthly doom, and passed away where none can say what merciful view might be taken of their manifold transgressions.

Then the whites and Indians collected round the grave which had been opened for the mortal remains of Ella.

Even the Shawnee girls came crowding round the white women to witness the funeral of the poor demented pale-face, whose beautiful countenance had won many a friend, even in the village of the Black Hawk.

The young men touched their father on the shoulder, and the old man, more wan, more aged, more broken-hearted every minute, rose to his feet, aided by his sons, now so overwhelmed with hidden anguish as scarcely to be able to stand.

Theeaderigo and the remnant of his tribe stood sullenly apart, unarmed, but not unobservant of what was passing.

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CINDERELLA; OR, THE WOODEN SHOES.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

Put an end to your fighting and quarreling,
You dirty-nosed girls and boys,
I've been trying to sleep for an hour;
But I can't on account of your noise;
Put me to sleep, good-night, I beseech you;
I'll sit up always the end of your games,
Quit spitting in each other's faces,
And calling each other bad names;
Sit here for a part of a minute;
Without pinning at each other's hair,
Or scratching each other's eyes so;
In a way that makes me despair;
With a vim that could never be told;
Undoubt your facts for a minute;
And I'll tell you a story of old.

There once was a girl, Cinderella,
Who lived in the realms of "long since,"
(You never see that she thrives in the book-sellers',
Windows in all sorts of prints.)

There was a girl, Cinderella,
And understood "No come to see,"

"Limberger case" and " zwlager,"

"Biltzen" and "mox mix ous."

She was greatly renowned for her beauty;

By all the Dutch Henrics around,

Who thought her a fay or a fairy,

And she weighed about two hundred pound;

He was a tall, thin, and bony,

And tramped in pretzels and onions,

Sold garlic, hohna and onions.

And got right on each day in the year;

Cinderella was cursed with a couple

Of sisters much older than she;

And the way they put on Paris fashions;

Was a terrible thing for to see;

They were in their "tosses" —

Which means, that no thing could they do;

Comb their heads or put in their own false teeth;

Or wash their own faces, or sew;

They danced, sung and smiled and played emer;

Ate lozenges, talked French and so forth;

Wrote songs sentimental, and sonnets;

To practice in their sense of worth;

Were hard at issuing orders;

Than ever they abhor to please;

And they generally wasted their evenings

In the same way they wasted their days.

They made Cinderella sit cinders,

And it was from this came her name;

Then made her bear all of the hardships,

And made her sit all of the time;

While the dances promenaded or flirted,

She stayed at home doing the chores;

They thought themselves very good looking;

But they missed it by several scores.

It chanced that the king gave a party,

And her sisters, he happened to ask;

But home she stayed sitting of cinders,

And the king said she must go;

When a fairy with peddled on apples,

And peanuts, by chance hopped by,

Unto whom she related her sorrows;

With many a tear and a sigh.

So she told her to drive to the palace,

And take part in those noble Dutch reels,

And a good time with the balance,

In the general kick up the heels,

She furthermore charged her remember;

Not to drink too much lager beer,

Nor stay till the clock struck eleven,

For the penalty'd be rather queer.

Off she went, and the dancers were startled

To see how she waltzed and schottisch,

Drank beer and weak lemonade.

The prince asked her hand for the next one,

And the young bloods stood off and looked on.

Her sisters, not knowing her, turned up

Their noses and wished she was gone.

So into the dance did they gallop,

And the way she shone right on the floor;

And then took off the man's lager.

And blew with a thunderous roar;

And the wooden shoes pattered and clattered

Till you'd think that the house would come

down.

And the girls dropped their pretzels and won-

dered.

And said, "Don't she do it up brown!"

Three times did she go to the palace,

For the season for balls was quite good,

Whence she came, where she went, who she

might be.

Were many very ill understood,

And the wooden shoes pattered and clattered

Like fifty ship-canisters at work,

Now they'd come up in a hurry,

And now they'd go down with a jerk.

But at the third ball she got rather

Too much taken up in the prince —

Perhaps took a little more lager;

Then she ought, by the course of events,

For she was the clock struck eleven,

Then down the great stairway she flew;

And her raiment was changed to a beggar's

And she lost a nice wooden shoe.

She stole out of the gateway, and straightway

Saw horses and soap cart were gone.

So she ran to her soap cart, and

Boiled some to make soap to make

But his prince round the soap on the ball-floor,

For he stumbled clear over it, and

Found, too, its number was eleven,

And broader somewhat than his hand.

Which was used for a trough for pigs three.

So straight she was wed by the prince, and

Pretzels and lager flowed free,

And she screamed, and screamed, and screamed,

Yelled, "Doubtless you can catch dinks be-

And so the Dutch maid Cinderella,

Lived happy and rich evermore;

Her sisters she learned to forgive, and

Set them up in a millinery store.

Two Hundred Thousand.

A STORY OF CITY LIFE.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

The snowflakes were falling fast in the Empire City, when a tall man, with a goodly portion of his body enveloped in a water-proof cape, entered a forbidding doorway in Chatham street, and ascended a flight of rickety and worn-eaten steps.

If the reader could have seen him, he would have wondered what brought one so fashionably clad—the clothes of the man were of the finest, and, therefore, costliest texture to be had—to such an uncanny place. But the features, hidden by the rather ungainly collar of the cape, would not impress even a casual observer favorably.

Small and snaky eyes, nestling beneath long lashes, flashing with the devilish scintillations of the deadly Cobras; a face tanned by long exposure to a tropical sun, and a waxed and dyed mustache and goatee, a la Napoleon III.

At the head of the stairs the person we have essayed to describe found a door, upon which were scarcely traceable the words:

"Phil. G. Morray, Attorney at Law."

"Ah! this is the place," he ejaculated, bestowing several raps upon the door with his clenched hand; and a voice from within bade him enter.

Instantly throwing wide the portal, the visitor entered a room as uncomfortable and cheerless as the hovels of Siberia. The walls, unpapered, were cracked and bare of ornaments, save an old print representing the impeachment of Lord Hastings; and a fire in a grate, at the further end of the apartment, gave forth no warmth.

The occupant of this parlor and kitchen combined, for such a strange anomaly the room seemed to proclaim, sat upon a broken chair at a rough table. He was an intellectual-looking man, in the prime of life, but, with poor clothes and unkempt hair and beard, presented an untidy appearance. Bits of briefs covered his feet, and his fingers clutched a quill as his visitor entered.

The lawyer, for such an untidy individual had been for many years, fixed his penetrating gaze upon the new-comer, and, in a chair at the rough table, he was an intellectual-looking man, in the prime of life, but, with poor clothes and unkempt hair and beard, presented an untidy appearance. Bits of briefs covered his feet, and his fingers clutched a quill as his visitor entered.

The stranger removed his hat, and dropped it on the seat.

"Are you Mr. Phil. G. Morray?" he asked, staring at the attorney, as though he thought that one so ragged would be ashamed to present himself at the bar.

"I am," was the reply. "Are my services in demand, sir?"

"Yes; but had I not best shut the door?"

"Tis cold, and, besides, eavesdroppers may

try their hell-born occupation."

"Pity you didn't bring a thousand seal-skins, if its so frigid this morning," returned the Blackstonian. "The room, with the door open, is quite pleasant for me, and I will answer for the absence of eavesdroppers with this checkered life of mine. Now, sir, may you state your cause?"

"I do not wish you to appear for me before the bench," said the stranger, Paul Herndon, by name. "I simply desire you to do a bit of writing, for which service, hear me, Mr. Morray, you shall walk Broadway a rich man."

Some sudden impulse raised Morray's hand from the table; but he dropped it as quickly, and, not noticing the involuntary movement, Herndon continued, in a lower tone, as he brought his sensual lips nearer the lawyer:

"Last week, my brother, a retired merchant of South street, quitted this ball terrestrial, leaving me the executor of his extensive estate, valued at the lowest calculation, two hundred thousand."

"Well," ejaculated the attorney, studying the features before him, while deeply interested in the communication.

Herndon found legal men to forge a will for ten thousand dollars, and when Effie was informed that the document, as proposed, almost made her a beggar, at the instance of parties unknown to her uncle, she filed a notice of contest.

Poor Morray!

Paul Herndon's vengeance was terrible. It cost him three thousand dollars. A man, however deeply steeped in crime, is not going to eject chloroform into another's room at the dead hour of night, stupefy him, apply the match to the building, and risk the hangman's noose for nothing.

The destroyed structure was the home of Phillip Morray!

When morning dawned the crowd found

—what? —a heap of human bones!

These charred remains were carried to the coroner, pronounced the bones of the ill-fated lawyer, a verdict of "death by fire, from a cause unknown to the jury" rendered, and they found a foot of ground in the Potter's Field.

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The lawyer, however, was not to be outdone.

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